Numb. 10

# The Diverting Poſt.

From *Saturday Dec.* 23, to *Saturday Dec.* 30. 1704.

## *A ſhort* Dialogue *between a Pious Gentleman* and a Barber-Surgeon, in his *Shop.*

*Gentleman.* THOU look'ſt like a good, ſober, induſtrious, careful Man; I believe you pick up a very comfortable Livelihood in this little Shop of yours.

*Barber.* I make a Shift, Sir: The Tooth-Ach, I thank God, has been very brief in our Neighbourhood all this Winter; ſo that indeed Tooth-drawing, and Lancing of Gums, have been more beneficial to me this cold Seaſon, than either Shaving or Bleeding.

*Gent.* O! fye; you ſhould not thank God for other Peoples Miſery; whoever does that, is guilty of a very wicked thing.

*Bar.* You miſtake me, Sir; I do not thank God for their Miſery, but for my own Proſperity, and that every good Chriſtian ought to do.

*Gent.* In that thou ſpeak'ſt like an honeſt Man: Prithee, what Religion art thou of; a *Church-Man*, or a *Diſſenter.*

*Bar.* Truly, Sir, I go ſometimes to Church, and ſomtimes to the Meeting; for I think it can be no Sin to ſerve God any where.

*Gent.* Every good Chriſtian, by all means, ought to keep himſelf intirely within one Community; for to divide your ſelf between two Opinions, is but playing faſt and looſe with God Almighty; therefore I muſt needs tell you, that you don't do well in it.

*Bar.* But pray, Sir, be pleas'd to conſider mine is a Jack-of-both-ſides Houſe; for I have a Church on the Right Hand of me, and a Meeting-Houſe on the Left; and as true as I live in this Place, I am under a Neceſſity of Trimming between both, or elſe my Family would be ruin'd.

*Gent.* I find you are a cunning Knave: There's Six Pence for your Trimming ſo cloſe. So *Farewel.*

## The ſtray'd Schollar's Letter from *Barnwell*, to his Friend in *Cambridge.*

*DEar Friend, by this you may diſcern well,*
*I'm over Boots at Bawdy* Barnwell:
*Ten Skillings you at leaſt muſt ſend me,*
*Or I'm undone as G—d ſhall mend me:*
*My Landlord ſwears he'll have my Gown*
*Or Cap, before I quit the Town.*
*Therefore pray ſave me from theſe Harms,*
*By Money, or by Force of Arms;*
*And if you find I ever more*
*Touch* Barnwell *Stout, or* Barnwell *Whore;*
*Or ſuffer Scandal for a T—t;*
*Excuſe me now, and I'll be ſhot,*
*For if again it e'er my Fate is*
*To run in Queſt of* Nunquam Satis,
*I'll go without, or have it* Gratis.

## *Balaam's* A Riddle. *Aſs*

*UPon a time their lived one,*
*Whom Scripture doth record;*
*To whom God of his Providence*
*This Mercy did afford;*
*To ſpeak his Word, Sin to reprove;*
*To him he Licenſe gave,*
*Who lived without any Sin,*
*And ſo went to his Grave.*
*Yet for all this he never ſhall*
*In Heaven's Pallace reign,*
*Or come within the Place of Bliſs,*
*Where Bleſſed Souls remain.*

## The Fox and Grapes.

*UPon a luſty Bunch of Grapes*
*A Fox had fix'd his Eyes,*
*Who licking of his watry Chaps,*
*A thouſand Tricks to reach it, tryes:*
*But all his Wile's in vain eſſay'd,*
*Out of all Hopes of getting nigh;*
What Fool for unripe Trash, *he ſaid,*
Would riſque his Neck to climb ſo high?
That charming Fruit, I dare alledge,
That looks ſo tempting, and ſo fair,
Will ſet ſome Coxcomb's Teeth on Edge,
Or draw ſome Fool into a Snare.

### Moral.

*Ambitious Men that miſs their Aim,*
*At leaſt affect to be thought Wiſe,*
*And court the popular Eſteem,*
*By ſeeming Honours to deſpiſe.*
*Thoſe whom the Mob their Patriots call,*
*Factions and Jelouſies foment;*
*Maſking with common Good their Gall,*
*And publick Zeal their Diſcontent.*
*To buiſy Courts at firſt they throng,*
*Till vext, and hopeleſs to prevail,*
*They ſhare in doing of the Wrong,*
*Or at Corruptions rail.*
*Courtier or Patriot by turns*
*The Hypocrite our Patience tryes,*
*Diſgrac'd, our Grievances he mourns,*
*Or langhs in Place at Jelouſies.*

On

## On the Inſtalment of the moſt Noble the Lord High Treaſurer of *England*, this Day at *Windſor*, by their Graces the Dukes of *Northumberland* and *Marlborough*.

*TRuth, Juſtice, Wiſdom, in* Godolphin *ſhine,*
*In* Anna *all the Virtues of her Line,*
*While Loyalty to Faction ſhe prefers,*
*Juſt to his matchleſs Worth, who's juſt to hers.*
*Nor ſhould St.* George's *Order ever Grace,*
*But ſuch as do St.* George's *Steps embrace;*
*That imitate the Patronage he gave,*
*Examples to the Good, Incitements to the Brave;*
*Such as the Patriot, whoſe tranſcendent Praiſe*
*Riſes beyond the reach of Human Lays.*
*And it's no more than what's true Merit's Claim,*
*Such Proxies place him in the Chair of Fame;*
*He that has wiſely fix'd a Monarch's Throne,*
*Should be in Honour's Seat inſtall'd by none,*
*But by a Monarch's Champion, and a Monarch's Son.*

## The Town Jilt.

*HOW fooliſh is the Spark to truſt the Laſs,*
*Who robbs him of his Noſe before his Face;*
*For 'tis the Nature moſtly of a Wench,*
*To borrow* Engliſh *Coin, but pay in* French.

## An *Epitaph* on a Taylor's Wife.

*HEre lies a Taylor's Counter-part,*
*Who lov'd a Yard with all her Heart.*
*Her Croſs-leg'd Spouſe knew what would eaſe her,*
*And often ſtole a Yard to pleaſe her;*
*Yet all his Cabbage would not ſave*
*The loving Baggage from the Grave:*
*But here ſhe Slumbers, ſoon forgotten,*
*Now dead, not valu'd of a Button.*

## Againſt Love to a Friend.

*O Who would love a Creature, who would place*
*His Heart, his Treaſure on a thing ſo baſe,*
*Which Time, conſuming like a Moth, deſtroys,*
*And ſubtil Death will rob him of his Joys?*
*Why lift we not our Minds above the Duſt?*
*Have we not yet conſider'd God is juſt?*
*And hath ordain'd the Objects of our Love*
*Should be our Scourges when we wanton prove.*
*Go fooliſh Man, in vain Delights proceed,*
*Thy Fancy and thy outward Senſes feed.*
*Go bind thy ſelf, thy Fellow-Servants thrall,*
*Love one too much, thou art a Slave to all.*
*Remember when thou follow'ſt ſeeming Good,*
*And drown'ſt thy ſelf too deep in Fleſh and Blood,*
*Thou'rt making Suit to dwell with Cares and Fears,*
*Thou're ſworn a Servant in the Vale of Tears;*
*Thy Bread of Sorrow muſt be thy Repaſt,*
*Expect not* Eden *in a thorny Waſt,*
*Where no fair Trees grow, no ſmooth Rivers ſwell,*
*But only Sorrows and Afflictions dwell,*
*Which thou lament'ſt with a repining Voice,*
*Yet know'ſt before, that Mortal was thy Choice.*
*Th' Admirers of falſe Pleaſure moſt ſuſtain*
*The weighty Burthen of enſuing Pain.*
*Prepare thy ſelf for Patience then, not Peace;*
*Seek not on Earth, but Heav'n for Happineſs;*
*Not amongſt Mortals, where there can be none,*
*But in th' Immortal God, and him alone.*

## All in All.

*IN Pain my only Eaſe, in Sickneſs Health;*
*In Wounds my Cure, in Poverty my Wealth;*
*Safety in Danger, Buckler in Diſtreſs;*
*My Guide in Doubts, my Staff in Weakneſſes;*
*Strength in Temptations, and Support in Foils;*
*Solace in Sadneſs, and my Reſt in Toils;*
*In Priſon Freedom, Quietneſs in Strife;*
*My Honour in Diſgrace, in Death my Life.*
*My Home in Exile; yea, whatever ſhall*
*Come, or can come, thou art my* All in All:
*And 'tis my only Wiſh, that I may be*
*Nought in my ſelf, but* All in All *in thee.*

## On the Derivation of the Word *News*.

*THE Word explains it ſelf without the Muſe,*
*And the four Letters ſpeak from whence comes* News:
*From* North, East, West, South, *the Solution's made,*
*Each Quarter gives Accounts of War and Trade.*

This Day the moſt Noble *Sidny*, Lord *Godolphin*, Lord High Treaſurer of *England*, is to be Inſtoll'd one of the Knights Companions of the Order of the *Garter*, by the two Dukes of *Northumberland* and *Marlborough*, who are to act as Proxies for the Soveraign on this Solemn Occaſion; great Preparations having been made at *Windſor* for that Purpoſe.

On *Friday* next the Duke of *Marlborough* is to be Treated at *Goldſmith's Hall*, (the Reſidence of the preſent Lord Mayor) by his Lordſhip and the Court of Aldermen; eight hundred Pounds being ordered by that Venerable Aſſembly for the Day's Expence.

On *Wedneſday* the 3*d* of *January*, the Colours and Standards lately taken from the *French* at the Famous Battel of *Hockſtet*, will be carry'd in Triumph through the City by a Detachment of the Guards, *&c.* from the *Tower* to *Weſtminſter Hall*, where they are to be hung up.

## Advertiſements.

**†** Juſt Publiſh'd, The Four Ages of *England*: Or, The Iron Age. With other ſelect Poems. Written by the famous Mr. *A. Cowley*. Firſt Printed in the Year 1648. and now Re-printed as adapted to the preſent Times, being never inſerted in his Works. Price ſtitcht 6*d*. Sold by *Benj. Bragg* in *Avemary-Lane*.

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**†** *If any Gentlemen, Ladies, or others, do think convenient of having any Copies, either in Proſe or Verſe, proper to be inſerted in this* Paper, *they are deſired to ſend them to Mr.* Bragg, *Publiſher of the ſame, or to Mr.* Morris *at the* Turk's-Head *Coffee-Houſe in* Eſſex-Street *in the* Strand, *they will be kindly received by the* Undertakers.

*London*, Printed: And Sold by *B. Bragg*, at the *Blue Ball* in *Avemary-Lane*. 1704.